

are the tax-gatherer's calls, that their sensibilities have been kept constantly goaded into the liveliest excitement. They are not blind to the fact that the yearly revenues are always flowing into one and the same channel—always building up one and the same community at the expense and sacrifice of all the rest. Whilst every commercial facility has been extended to the North and the Northwest, whilst the very rivers have been made to give up their waters, and the mountains to humble their lofty peaks to the level of the plains—and all at the public expense—we, of the other extreme, have been not only left to overcome, by our own energies, every natural impediment—but are even shorn of that very wealth which might have converted our land into a garden and filled it with additional thousands. Solitude dwells in the bosom of our forests, whilst yours is ringing merrily to the stroke of the woodman's axe. Ours is crumbling hourly into dust and decay—yours pierced to its very heart by the iron track or the canals winding course is daily bringing in untold wealth. Wonder not, then, that we have grown restless under such unjust and unwise legislation. "There is a point, beyond which, forbearance is no longer a virtue." A place in which even a Job-like patience may be exhausted.

Hitherto we have borne all without the anticipation of advantage—nay, with the belief pervading a large portion of our community, that if these works should ever be so successful as to reach their final terminus—then the whole flood of that western commerce which now must find its way by a long and tortuous road to the gulf, and thence to the north where it can reach a mart—would flow immediately and directly to our centre—competing with our produce, and eventually depreciating our very soil. If you would then forever stay that spirit which has placed us under the burthen of millions—beware the proposition which comes from the honorable gentleman from Washington, for there is danger lurking within it. Under its provisions—he *power—the power*, I repeat, is yielded to those, who, more than all others, are interested in the internal improvement system, and no man can say how long before it shall again be exercised. The gentleman states that he had no such design in framing the amendment. I never have and after such an avowal, with the high respect which I entertained personally for that gentleman, I shall be the last to prefer the charges, however remarkable this project, as well by its peculiar fractional ratio as by all its features, would seem to others to gratify this particular object, and thereby to be especially suited to that region from whence he comes. Indeed, designs are of but little consequence—the fact, as it exists, stares us in the face, and with that alone we have to deal.

Tell me not that you have already placed within the body of the Constitution, checks and restrictions, upon the appropriation of money that will act as an effectual guard in all future time. What are the most binding restrictions or the most solemn guarantees worth to us, without the power to keep them in the instrument in

which they are written? How long will they stand after it becomes your interest to desire their abolition or repeal? Like words traced upon sand at the waters edge—the first wave of popular opinion will wash them out forever.—'Tis useless to conceal from ourselves the stern truth that without the power of self-protection there is no longer safety. The barriers of the present Constitution have been ruthlessly trodden under foot, and why should we hope for a better result hereafter? Do they tell us that the system of internal improvements is complete, and that our tired energies can never again be taxed for such a purpose?

Aye, sir, "'tis the song of the Syren and charm she never so sweetly" we should listen not to her delusive voice. He who trusts it will when too late, learn that it was a promise given to the ear but broken to the hope." Soon, the city of Baltimore, devoted to her own prosperity, will be clamoring for the long talked of "cross-cut" that is to tap the great highway that leads to the imbedded and inexhaustible coal bed of the Alleganies. She will pause not in her efforts until the whole of that vast mineral wealth, together with the surplus of the distant west, diverted from their present course, pours like a torrent into her bosom.

As the coming years shall roll on, other and mightier schemes will wake into life and being—wild and visionary dreams will stir the imagination—and then the public mind of the north and north-west ever sensitive to their own interests, feeling all the wonted and feverish excitement of former days, and longing to launch forth upon the ocean of experiment, will rend to fragments the cobweb fetters which we are now so gravely forging. Let no one, then, repose in the fancied security of mere constitutional restraint.

But we are earnestly assured that should all else fail, the peculiar organization of the Senate—thoroughly territorial in its character, affords an invincible guarantee upon which we may rely with the most undoubting confidence. In the other wing of the capitol sectional equality is fully recognized, and the small counties there banded together, may, amid all the clashing interests successfully resist every aggression upon their privileges. Alas, sir, who can tell how long that body will remain in the form which we have given it? Or, if untouched by the genius of change, how long with even its present construction, would it be able to resist the moral force of public opinion as shadowed forth in the popular branch? Once establish the *principle* even in its *initiative* *ep*, that the government rests solely upon numbers—and agitation and commotion will go on inflaming the passions until every vestige of that system, essential to our moral and geographical condition, shall be swept away.—Like the devouring cancer, it will eat into the heart, and feed upon our vitals. Now it seems as a little cloud upon the horizon, scarce bigger than my hand—years hence it may envelop the whole State, and fill with the bitterest despondency the hearts of all that agricultural community, whose protection and interests are to be